

# THE WRANGELL SENTINEL

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WRANGELL, ALASKA, THURSDAY, JULY 29, 1909

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## Trouble For The Crabmen

It's evidently not all jam and sweetness being a crabman, as the Wrangell contingent has discovered. They have been catching crabs in incredible numbers and shipping them south, and there the trouble began, as it seems as tho the big shell fish will not stand being shipped so far in the summer.

Two shipments have been made thus far from which returns have been received, neither of which arrived in Seattle in very satisfactory condition.

The method used has been to pack the live crabs in large boxes with alternate layers of seaweed, which was expected to keep the crabs alive and in prime condition until they reached Seattle. Such has not been the case, however, so the experiment was made on part of the shipment on the Cottage, of packing the crabs in wet grass. In case this fails, the crabs will be cooked here, and shipped on ice.

Fred Stackpole and his pet Salmon were in town over Sunday.

B. S. Howard and P. F. Gilmore arrived up on the Seattle, and left for the Basin Wednesday. They go to examine the Ground Hog properties, with the view of buying if satisfactory. These are owned by Ole Johnson and John Oleson, and carry good values in silver and lead.

## Scotchmen Will Celebrate

The Scotchmen of the Sound are preparing to make Caledonian Day, Saturday, August 21, the red letter day of the Exposition. This paper is in receipt of a copy of the program replete with the good things so dear to the heart of the loyal Scot. It includes the customary addresses, interspersed with Scottish airs played by the best pipers on the American continent. Then will come contests of all kinds—playing the pipes, national dances, tossing the caber, and the ordinary athletic stunts. The day will conclude with a grand concert in the evening.

S. L. Hogue, Petersburg's most energetic merchant, accompanied by his wife, paid Wrangell a visit Sunday.

## Is Investigating Townsite Matters

H. P. Kennedy, a special agent of the Interior Department, has been in Wrangell for the past week or ten days, looking into the question of the townsite patent application. He has questioned everybody who knows, or even thinks he knows anything about the situation, and, so we are informed, has secured affidavits stating on the one hand that the Whitfields had done about everything they shouldn't while on the townsite survey, and on the other that they were diligent in their work both in the field and at the desk, and statements and affidavits of every degree between these two extremes. Of course the question hinges on the quality and speed of the Whitfields, during their stay here.

Mr. Kennedy will prepare his statement for the department at an early date, and the matter will then be passed upon by the powers that be.

From here he went on the City of Seattle to Skagway, where he has a similar tangle to straighten out.

He informs this paper that the work of the department has been materially simplified of late by the division of the old district which originally included Oregon, Washington, Idaho and Alaska, into two districts. One of which, with headquarters at Seattle, comprises Washington and Alaska.

## Checking Up Canneries

John N. Cobb, government fisheries inspector, accompanied by United States Attorney J. J. Boyce, arrived up from Ketchikan on the Taku last night. They are on a tour of inspection of the canneries and fish traps of this district.

## Big Crowds on Cottage

The Cottage City arrived south bound Sunday evening, packed to guards. She had so many round trippers aboard that she had to refuse passage at Skagway to a good many people on the way out from interior points. She had 12,000 cases of canned salmon on board, and took 62 barrels of salmon bellies, crabs, etc., from this port. They report very disagreeable weather on the trip. On the way back she took the outside passage, and had the mail from Petersburg brought down on a launch, Saturday.

There is a rumor in circulation around town that one of our most popular young couples contemplate matrimony. Now don't too many of you look guilty we won't mention any names if you come to the Sentinel office to have the announcements printed.

Claude Hanthorpe and wife were Wrangell visitors Sunday and Monday. The former reports that everything is moving smoothly at Santa Anna, and that they have 5,000 more cases of fish up this year than they had at this time last year.

## New Postoffice Established

Word reached town the latter part of last week, stating that the government had established a post office at Tokeen, Marble Island, with John Devine, postmaster. The matter has been under consideration for some time, as the system which has been in operation for handling the Marble Island mail, sending it outside the sacks has been unsatisfactory, entailing extra work and worry on all who came in contact with it.

The Port Simpson returned from up river points Monday, and will tie up, near the mouth of the river until about the middle of August, when she will make her last trip of the season.

H. D. Campbell is home from Lake bay cannery, crippled with a badly sprained ankle.

## An Insurance Inspector Here

E. D. Fortmann, representing the Board of Fire Underwriters of the Pacific, was a local visitor for the past week, leaving on Tuesday's Seattle. While here he prepared the draft for an insurance chart of the business portion of the town, and promises material reductions in our rates as soon as the water system is in operation.

There is also another condition in existence here which must be remedied before Wrangell can be considered a good risk from the insurance company's standpoint, and that is the scarcity of brick chimneys. There is an ordinance on the town's statutes forbidding the use of outside stovepipes. It is apparently a dead letter, however, as nobody makes any effort apparently to observe it.

S. L. Reed, an old resident, 72 years of age, died Monday night. He had been ailing for some time, and his death was not unexpected. The funeral was held Tuesday afternoon, Rev. Clark officiating.

## Washington & Mayer SHOES

Of which we have the SOLE AGENCY for Wrangell, are advertised in 11 different languages. No other brand of shoes is advertised in so many tongues. Their reputation for excellent quality and style has been established throughout Alaska for many years. We carry them in all descriptions—Heavy shoes for loggers and prospectors, Walking and Dress shoes for Ladies and Gentlemen, etc.,

**THERE'S  
NOTHING  
BETTER  
MADE**



In order to make room for some 20 cases of these SHOES in the latest styles which we have now in transit from Washington and Milwaukee, we will sell for this week

## AT REDUCED PRICES

the following numbers which we are cutting out. They are splendid value. Get in on the sale before it is too late,

5 pairs	Gent's box calf	\$5.40,	reduced to	\$3.15
17 "	" " "	5.00,	" "	3.15
2 "	" " "	4.50,	" "	2.75
2 "	" " "	3.00,	" "	2.00
4 "	" Congress	5.00,	" "	2.75
5 "	" Tan	5.50,	" "	3.15
4 "	" Pat. leather	5.00,	" "	3.00
3 "	" Leather lined	5.50,	" "	3.00
10 "	" Ladies Oxfords	2.50,	" "	1.85
Canvas Shoes 1-3 off during the Sale				

**F. MATHESON**  
Department Store  
Jewelers, Forwarders, News Agents

## BARGAINS IN

LADIES' SUMMER

## WAISTS

For a short time only

**Come and Get Your Size and Choice  
While Our Stock is Complete  
We Have the finest stock  
In Wrangell today**

## The CITY STORE

DONALD SINCLAIR, Proprietor

Dealers in

**GENERAL MERCHANDISE  
Wrangell - - Alaska**



## Note and Comment

The way England is building battle ships surely beats the Dutch.

The kaiser is not satisfied with his salary, but he has not gone so far as to declare a strike.

E. H. Harriman weighs only 141 pounds, but there is little waste matter in his make-up.

A Baltimore man has erected a monument to Adam. Now let's start a fund to bring his bones back home.

Camille Flammarion's heat-producing well is a mighty fine idea, but the chesty coal men still decline to be stampeded.

Ask a small boy to do something and usually he will say: "Just wait a minute." A man would put you off till next week.

A local critic claims that Poe wrote "The Raven" backwards, beginning with the last stanza. It is a splendid way to read it, too.

The average American consumes 82½ pounds of sugar a year. And yet one occasionally meets a man who acts as if he had never tasted sugar.

Caruso is said to have hurt his voice by singing into the phonographs. The voice usually comes back out of the phonograph with a sprain in it.

Now that a fertilizer trust is being organized, of course something ought to be said about such an organization probably being in bad odor—but let it pass.

Count Boni is coming to America to hunt grizzly bears. Perhaps he has in some way absorbed the idea that the grizzly bear and the Teddy bear are identical.

Army enlistments have been sufficient of late to bring that branch of the service up to its full capacity, but it is understood that Mr. Hobson is not quite satisfied with the navy.

"Twenty years from now," declares one of the scientists, "we'll all be flying." He may be right, but it will be prudent to go right on in our efforts to have cheaper shoe leather, just the same.

In the ages to come, when all the coal mines have been exhausted, the rich cargoes on the bottom of the Ohio river from Pittsburg down will have to be drawn upon to supply the needs of mankind.

Camille Flammarion declares that signaling to Mars is possible. Still, nobody can positively assure us that anybody on Mars is going to know what we mean when we get our signals to reach that planet.

Professor Arlo Bates says, says he, that a book which is not worth reading twice, is not worth reading once. Perhaps the professor will explain how one is to determine, without reading a book the first time, whether it will bear a second perusal.

The United States Circuit Court has handed down a decision in Philadelphia that the driver of an automobile is bound not only to follow the ordinary rule of "stop, look and listen" when he reaches a railroad crossing, but if necessary must get out and walk to the track, as does the conductor of a street car. This decision is based upon the eminently sensible ground that "when the passing vehicle is a ponderous steel structure, it threatens not only the safety of its own occupants, but also those on the colliding train."

Yellow journalism is now a thing of the past or has faded to a mild ecru shade beside the saffron hue of many books and magazines. The jaundiced magazinist spatters his color with a reckless abandon. You can almost feel the chrome tints spatter on your face as you scan his quartantine effusion. You cannot get by him. Epithet, metaphor and analogy are mixed into one chromatic mass on his palette and then slammed against his canvas with the splurge of a barker at a circus sideshow. To say he indulges in exaggeration is to speak tamely. He piles Pelions of hyperbole on Ossas of turgescence. If his colors do not scream loud enough to arrest your attention he bludgeons you with his figurative mahlstick into noticing their prismatic effects.

Seldom has the birth of a child been of so much national and international importance as the recent birth of a princess of the Netherlands. The present queen herself was the only child of King Willem III.; was born when

her father was sixty-three years old and had reigned thirty-one years; and if King Willem had died without direct issue, the crown would have been worn by a German prince. The same result would have followed if Queen Wilhelmina had died childless, and that would have been to the Dutch people a great national calamity. Not only would their beloved House of Orange, with its long line of sovereigns, have become extinct, but the stranger who would come to rule over them would be a prince of an alien race, and of that very race from which the Dutch people believe they have the most to fear. A glance at the map of Europe will show those who are most unfamiliar with European politics why that is so. The little kingdom of the Netherlands shuts off the German Empire from all but a short strip of the North Sea coast. Were the resistance which the kingdom can offer the only obstacle, no one doubts that Germany would soon find a pretext for absorbing it. But there are other powers and particularly Great Britain, which would oppose such a move, and the German Emperor is not one to provoke a great war to obtain that which no doubt every German covets. But if the throne of the Netherlands should be occupied by a German prince, the internal opposition to an annexation would be weakened, and that might ultimately be accomplished without war which at present is impossible. So the little princess has been welcomed because the Dutch people love their royal house and their charming queen, and because they see in the helpless infant a security for their national independence.

To wreck a home is a serious offense. To lead a wife and mother astray is a black-hearted crime, and the criminal deserves severe punishment. But suspicion and gossip are not proof. Even the confession of one of the parties is not conclusive as against the other, for confessions are sometimes obtained by terrorism or promise of forgiveness, which confess to more than the truth. If one of the accused parties is shot down in his tracks without an opportunity of defense or explanation, the murderer is not entitled to the benefit which might accrue to him if the guilt of the victim were absolutely proved. The danger of admitting the so-called "unwritten law" as a defense in murder cases is not only that it substitutes private vengeance for the proper ministrations of the law, but that it opens the way for trumped-up cases of wrong-doing to excuse murder. It is conceivable that a husband and wife might conspire to put an enemy of either or both out of the way by bringing against him a false accusation. It may be said that a woman would not sacrifice her good name to please her husband or save another lover. Such cases are very rare, but they have been known. The whole principle of our criminal law is that an accused person has a right to be confronted with his accuser and with the evidence, and given an opportunity to make his defense. The private executioner affords him no such opportunity. The unwritten law as an excuse for personal vengeance is a relic of barbarism that should not be tolerated in a civilized country. The Sicilian brigands hold the principle that "it is more honorable to revenge injuries by assassination than to resort to the courts. The American juryman who permits the doctrine of the "unwritten law" to sway his verdict is putting himself on the moral plane of the Sicilian brigand.

## SOME MARRIED MEDITATIONS.

By Clarence L. Cullen.

Many a man imagines that his wife admires him for his financial frugality, when, as a matter of truth, she despises him for a tightwad.

No matter how quiet and sedate you are about it, your wife is firmly imbued with the idea that you can't take a bath without splashing around like a cow. So splash, splash, and have the fun!

The cunning little connivin' cutey who looks up coyly into the married man's face and purrs: "I wonder why it is that all the real nice men are married?" doesn't get by with it nearly so often as she supposes.

During the courtship: "No, Gawge, deah. Please don't order anything to eat for me. I so rarely get hungry, you know." After the honeymoon: "Well, it's a wonder you wouldn't take me somewhere to eat—I'm positively famished!"

Extract from "The Diary of an Outraged Wife": "This morning, by the mail which arrives at breakfast time, came a number of dressmakers' and milliners' bills, and he didn't swear or rant a bit over them. Oh, relentless skies, how long am I to endure this cankering indifference?"

A malicious truth may do more harm than an innocent lie.

## WOMEN OF ARMY AND THE PRESIDENT'S WIFE

Wives of Generals Bell and Edwards Chief Among Social Leaders at White House.

### GOLD LACE HAS GREAT HEYDAY

Presidential Affairs Made Gay Through Presence of Land and Sea Fighters of Nation.

Washington correspondence:

When Mrs. Taft, in her official role as first lady of the land, surrounded herself with a coterie of the cleverest and brightest officers of the twin branches of the service, everybody in Washington society recognized that the era of the army and navy set had arrived. In brave array the military men form a moving background at Mrs. Taft's at homes, and in their immaculate dress the officers of the land and sea forces are a splendid attribute at Mrs. Taft's fascinating garden parties.

At the White House entertainments scarcely has the line of guests passed until Mrs. Taft is surrounded by a group of officers and their wives, daughters and sweethearts, whose persiflage and laughter instantly dissipate any indication of an oppressive or a "military" perfunctoriness.

Replacing Col. Bromwell, who with Mrs. Bromwell were dominant factors in the social life of the capital in the last administration, is Col. Spencer Cosby, whose career has been marked with distinction. Col. Cosby is the first of the administration bachelors to announce his engagement, and in the fall Miss Yvonne Shepard, daughter of Mrs. Charles R. Shepard of New York and Washington, will fall heir to the position vacated by the withdrawal of Mrs. Bromwell.

Miss Shepard is tall and svelte, her well-carried head is graced with quantities of silky, fair-brown hair, and her pretty complexion is set off by the taste Miss Shepard displays in the selection of the color of her gowns. She wears large hats, flower trimmed, and long, sweeping gowns, which accentuate the graceful slenderness of her figure.

As the wife of the President's aid and constant attendant, Miss Shepard will be thrown constantly in association with the White House family, and her adroitness and social graces will be put to a severe test in the carrying of a role not less influential than difficult.

### Gen. Bell's Wife a Power.

As wife of the chief of staff, Mrs. J. Franklin Bell will have a high position in the full tide of the official season.

Not content with standing at the head of the serried ranks of armydom, Mrs. Bell is no less popular with the diplomatic as well as the congressional and president set. As a great friend of Mrs. Edson Bradley of New York, she is in touch with the smart life of the little coterie of the rich and important who come to Washington each winter to enjoy its season.

Gen. and Mrs. Bell last winter took possession of a commodious home at Fort Myer and there throughout the season Mrs. Bell challenged the admiration of society by the conduct of a series of delightful entertainments, her guests including the grizzled veterans who surround the chief of staff, the young officers eager for an opportunity to display their mettle, the debutantes the foreign "guests" of the nation and the general everyday-man and woman who goes in for Washington's social good times.

Associated with Mrs. Bell in the so-

## WOMEN WHO LEAD IN MRS. TAFT'S SOCIAL LIFE



Mrs. J. FRANKLIN BELL



Mrs. CLARENCE EDWARDS

er of a debutante daughter, who has the distinction of being one of Miss Helen Taft's best chums.

### Mrs. Edwards Wins Laurels.

One of the handsome homes of the army set established in Washington is presided over by Mrs. Clarence Edwards, wife of Gen. Clarence Edwards, chum to the President and general good fellow. Gen. Edwards, who is one of the most generally liked officers of the service, has his honors to look to when it comes to a discussion of his wife's popularity. Everybody likes Mrs. Edwards and her place in the favor of the community waxes as the years increase.

In girlhood, as pretty and vivacious Bessie Porter, she made her first appearance in Washington, coming over to visit her great-aunt, Mrs. Saunders Irving, widow of Washington Irving's nephew. Mrs. Irving maintained a menage second only to the White House in point of social importance, its gentle mistress, who was an invalid, being one of the few women upon whom the wives of the Presidents felt it incumbent to leave cards.

Mrs. Edwards is a slender, delicate-looking woman, whose chief beauty lies in her sweetness of expression, her well-bred air and her lovable manners. She looks at life through two jolly, twinkling eyes and she has sympathy with everybody and with everything that lives, without regard to place or position. Her servants adore her and pay her the sovereign compliment of remaining in her service two decades or more.

A very great-granddaughter of the first white man that settled in the western part of New York, Mrs. Edwards' family, the Porters of Niagara, N. Y., held the original grant of the immense tract of land which included the falls until the taking over of the property by the State government.

Gen. Peter B. Porter, Mrs. Edwards' great-grandfather, served as secretary of war in the cabinet of President John Quincy Adams.

Gen. and Mrs. Edwards' daughter Bessie is a pretty little woman of 10 years, who is a chum of her father and the boon companion of her mother. The Edwards home is a reflex of the character of its owners. Beginning with the general's office on the first floor photographs of familiar friends—men, women and small children—run riot and overflow into the attractive drawing room on the second floor, gay in its dress of summery English chintz and filled with fine old mahogany and interesting things picked up in the out of the way corners of the army officers' world.

The Edwardses keep open house in and out of season and aside from dispensing a hospitality as smart as the smartest, Gen. and Mrs. Edwards delight in having friends to lunch or dine en famille.

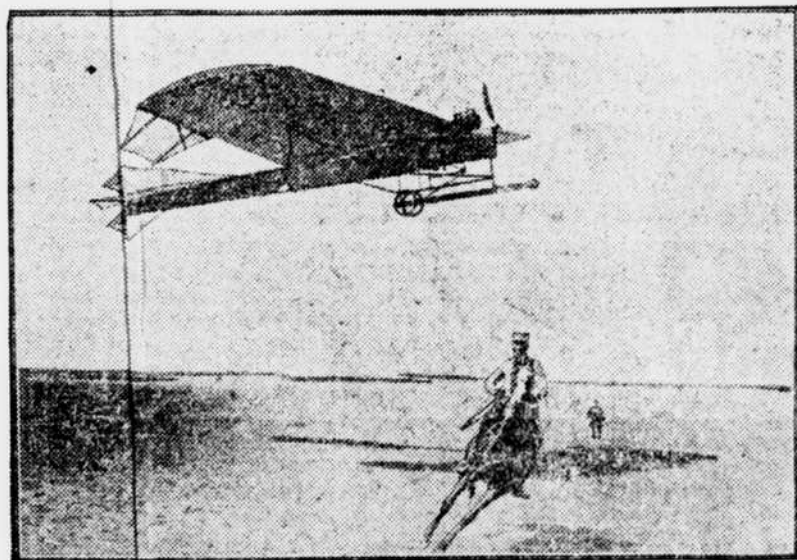
### Cynical Interpretation.

She (sentimentally)—It means a great deal to a girl of Emma's nature to marry a man like Dick.

He (brutally)—Naturally. He is a man of means.—Baltimore American.

Before a woman has returned from her wedding trip she has all her plans laid for freeing out his kin, and making a home for her own.

## ARMIES AND THE AEROPLANE.



Remarkable Photograph Showing a Cavalry Horse Shying at the Approach of a Monoplane.



## WOMEN AS GAMBLERS.

### High Society Dames Losing Their Interest in Bridge Whist.

It is doubtful if women ever should be permitted to play cards. Hardly a day passes without women gathering for cards in one or another of the big hotels of New York city. Sometimes big parties are in aid of certain charities; sometimes they are merely an item in the season's program of a women's club. Does one of them ever pass without talk of cheating? Not on! Every time women gather to pay cards for slender vases or Japanese tea sets there is heated talk of the winning of the prizes by methods not exactly friendly. There are women undoubtedly who have a weakness for sharp practices at cards, still it is doubtful if they offend as often in this respect as men. When anything irregular crops up, however, they talk about it without fear or favor. In this way dissension and bitter quarrels arise, and it is doubtful if even a "booby" prize is awarded without the

and a maker of card sharps among women.—Utica Globe.

**The Miracle of Polite Persistence.**  
Says Orison Sweet Marden, writing in Success Magazine: When genius has failed in what it attempted, and talent says impossible; when every other faculty gives up; when tact retreats and diplomacy has fled; when logic and argument and influence and "pull" have all done their best and retired from the field, gritty persistence, bulldog tenacity, steps in, and by sheer force of holding on wins, gets the order, closes the contract, does the impossible. Ah, what miracles tenacity of purpose has performed! The last to leave the field, the last to turn back, it persists when all other forces have surrendered and fled. It has won many a battle even after hope has left the field.

Confederate commanders in the Civil War said that the trouble with General Grant was that "he never knew when he was beaten." When Grant's generals thought that his

## MARY AND GARDEN

### Farm Telephones.

In some parts of the country telephones are becoming very common. It seems that once a telephone is established in the family it is there to stay. Other sections of the country are very much behind the times in this respect, probably because no one has gone ahead with the preliminary arrangements.

A farm telephone is not only a great luxury, but it is fast becoming an absolute necessity. With the addition of more business to the farm every year and the scarcity of labor anything that saves steps is worth money. When you get accustomed to doing business over the telephone you realize its great value.

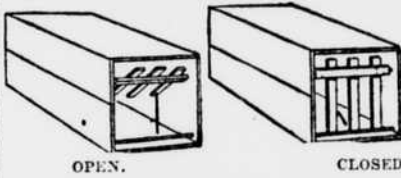
A short time ago I heard a farmer order 100 bushels of seed oats by phone from another farmer about ten miles away. He had seen a sample at the fair last fall and made the negotiations accordingly. The business was transacted in about five minutes while the farmer was sitting at his desk after reading his morning mail left at the box by the rural delivery man. It would have taken him all day to get his mail and drive to the other farmer and buy his seed oats.

But there is a social side to farm life that is fostered by the telephone. It often happens that a woman is left alone for the day and she can easily make arrangements to have a neighbor call and spend the time pleasantly, instead of feeling lonely. Then it is so easy to make social arrangements for evenings or to meet friends as occasion requires.

There are always people in a neighborhood who are public-spirited enough to go ahead with the necessary arrangements to establish a telephone service. Others should encourage them promptly by subscribing to the fund required. Everybody is benefited, because the arrangement is mutual in the neighborhood.—Agricultural Epitomist.

### A Trap Nest.

The accompanying plan of trap nest is quite simple and can be made from a box of suitable size. It should be 12 or 14 inches square by 20 or 24 inches long. The slats should be nailed to a crosspiece about one-quarter the distance from the top. A couple of nails are driven through the box and into the crosspiece to swing on. Half way back, on the inside, a narrow



piece of board is nailed, back of which the nest is made.

To set the trap simply raise the slats inward from the bottom 8 or 9 inches high and place a small stick under one of the slats. As the hen enters the door is raised off the stick, which falls to the floor. There should be about five slats for a box 12 or 14 inches in width, slats close against inch strip at bottom.

### When Vegetables Mature.

The following list will show the gardener how long after planting the various common vegetables will mature their growth and be ready for use:

Bush beans	40 to 65 days
Pole beans	50 to 80 days
Beets	30 to 80 days
Early cabbage	10 to 130 days
Carrots	75 to 100 days
Cauliflowers	100 to 130 days
Celery	120 to 150 days
Sweet corn	60 to 100 days
Cucumbers	60 to 80 days
Eggplants	100 to 140 days
Onion seed	130 to 150 days
Onion sets	90 to 120 days
Parsley	30 to 120 days
Parsnips	125 to 160 days
Peas	40 to 80 days
Peppers	100 to 140 days
White potatoes	80 to 140 days
Pumpkins	100 to 140 days
Radishes	20 to 40 days
Spinach	30 to 60 days
Bush squashes	60 to 80 days
Late squashes	120 to 160 days
Tomatoes	100 to 140 days
Turnips	110 to 140 days

### Earnings of Good Cows.

To demonstrate that all the good cows are not confined to any one breed and to show that the net profit per year is from a good cow attention is called to the records of the best five cows at the Wisconsin experiment station as follows: Johanna, Holstein, 13,186.2 pounds milk, 444.96 pounds fat, average test, 3.62 per cent, net profit \$95.31; Marcella, Jersey, 7,783.1 pounds milk, 442.23 pounds butter fat, average test, 5.61 per cent, net profit \$80.01; Margaret, Guernsey, 8,652.7 pounds milk, 401.25 pounds fat, aver-

age test, 4.66 per cent, net profit \$73.30; Christiana, Ayrshire, 9,037.4 pounds milk, 366.58 pounds fat, average test, 4.06 per cent, net profit \$66.21. The cost of feed at market prices has been charged to each cow and the figures represent the sale of butter fat less the cost of feed. The skim milk, calf, and manure are products in addition.

### Hog Cholera.

In the way of treatment the United States Bureau of Animal Industry has discovered a vaccine which saves about 80-odd per cent after cholera appears in a herd, and a larger per cent if vaccinated before the disease is introduced. Time will demonstrate the practicability of this method. The bacteriology department of the Kansas State Agricultural College is also working along these lines, but is not yet ready to announce anything but progress.

When symptoms of cholera appear in a herd, it is wise to dip the whole herd, disinfect their quarters thoroughly, give them a slight change in feed, and add to this about five drops of tincture of prickly ash for each hundred pounds of hog once or twice a day. The old remedy of wood ashes and salt is good in many instances. A little powdered sulphate of copper, dried sulphate of iron or charcoal given daily when the animals are not perfectly healthy frequently does much good. After all, the old adage, an ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure, holds good here.

### Saves the Fertilizer.

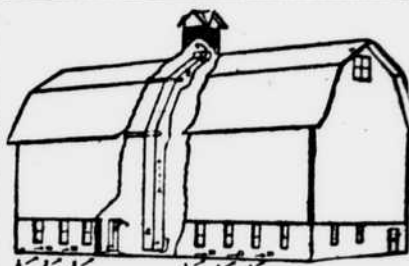
Fertilizer is expensive. By the old method of distributing it there was usually enough wasted to represent a pretty penny. Then came along a Virginia man and invented the hand fertilizer dropper. This device consists of an odd-shaped bucket, running to a point at the bottom and having a small opening there, through which the contents filter. A hinged valve, operated by a rod that leads to the handle of the bucket, controls the flow. The top of the rod is connected to a crossbar, which runs under the handle of the bucket. This bar is in close reach, and, when resting on the top of the bucket the valve is open. To close the valve the operator merely extends a finger and lifts the bar, thus shutting off the fertilizer. The valve flares at the bottom, spreading the fertilizer in a broad, fine stream. For small farms, gardens and lawns this device is of great convenience, and is a money-saver.

### Water for the Chicks.

Take an ordinary baking pan and have the tinsmith rivet on an "ear" on one side for nailing to a tree. Have him also make a hole in the bottom in one corner, that the water can be let out every day and the pan be kept clean. Nail the pan to a tree about twelve inches from the ground, so the chicks can drink without getting into it with their feet. The birds will soon discover that it is a fine place from which to get a drink on hot days. Sometimes they find, too, that it is a convenient place for a bath, and this of course makes the water dirty. But it is not much trouble to refill the pan with clean water, and this should be done two or three times a day. Chickens and birds require a great deal of water, and they often suffer for lack of it. Don't neglect them.—Boston Herald.

### The King System of Ventilation.

Ventilation for stables and barns is now regarded as one of the essentials to be provided for in construction. The King system as illustrated in the dia-



SHOWING THE VENTILATING FLUES.

gram consists of two sets of flues, one set to admit the fresh air, the other to furnish an escape for the vitiated air. The inlet or fresh air flues should be placed not more than ten feet apart and located in the exterior walls of the barn. The outlet may include one or more flues.

### Scientific Small Farming.

An experiment from which much may be learned is being tried in Hungary. It is embodied in the new land bill, which is now coming into operation. The proposal is to break up 24,000 acres into settlements, which settlements will be subdivided into plots of seven acres each. But the interesting point is that in the center of each group of small holdings there will be a larger holding of not more than 666 acres, which will be in the hands of a capable and experienced farmer, who will set an example for the others to follow.

## WAX FROM A MEXICAN WEED.

### The Once Despised Candelilla Now Worth \$200 or More an Acre.

The discovery by Oscar Pacius of Monterey of a process for extracting wax from the candelilla weed is causing the establishment of a new industry in Mexico and Texas. The candelilla grows abundantly upon many millions of acres of semi-arid land in Northern Mexico and parts of Texas, Arizona and New Mexico. Land owners who have this formerly despised weed growing upon their holdings are now in a fair way to reap a fortune, a Monterey (Mexico) correspondent of the New York Sun says.

When it was discovered a few years ago that a good grade of crude rubber could be manufactured from the guayule shrub experiments began to be made by Mr. Pacius and others with various other kinds of wild vegetation to learn if they possessed commercial properties. Mr. Pacius found that the candelilla contained wax to the amount of 3 1/2 to 4 1/2 per cent. He gathered a supply of the plants and began experiments with a view of arriving at a process of economical extraction of the wax. He perfected this process a few months ago and it is now in practical operation.

The manufacture of this vegetable wax is already on a paying commercial basis. The demand for the product comes at this time chiefly from Germany. The present price of the wax in Mexico is \$600 gold a ton. It is said that it takes about thirty tons of the weed to make one ton of the crude wax. The cost of producing a ton of wax is \$75 gold.

The land upon which the candelilla weed grows profusely is producing a big revenue in the localities where factories have been established. It is said that where land is well set in the plant it can be made to yield a profit of \$200 to \$300 gold an acre a year.

The candelilla wax is said to be harder than any other wax. This fact has caused it to be in demand for the manufacture of phonograph records, pharmaceutical articles, varnishes, shoe, leather and wood polishes, insulation in electrical wiring, gums, candles and many other things.

The fact that the guayule shrub and the candelilla plant are now known to contain valuable commercial properties has aroused the interest of the federal authorities of Mexico and it is said that a series of chemical experiments and tests of the various other desert plants which cover great stretches of land in Northern Mexico will be made under the direction of the government, with a view of discovering any commercial properties that they may contain. One plant which grows profusely along the Rio Grande is called gubernador and is being used extensively for the manufacture of a boiler compound. There are also two or three kinds of shrubs and weeds which possess cleansing properties almost identical in effect with washing soap. The roots of these shrubs are used by the native Mexicans to the exclusion of manufactured soap.

## SOME MARRIED MEDITATIONS.

By Clarence L. Cullen.

It doesn't hurt any to express occasional surprise over the (maybe) fact that she still remains as a girl at heart.

Don't overlook the fact that the girther and wheeler she gets the more she likes to have you call her "win-some" once in a while.

Why is it that the woman whose ears resemble sun-dried clams is the one who experiences the keenest hankering for those big pendant earrings?

It is difficult for a man to understand why he should be required to wear toeless hose when his wife puts in about nine hours a day needing Irish crochet lace.

Why is it that dandruffiness, linty-featheriness and general unkempt blousiness are the unfailing exterior characteristics of the woman who walls about her "shattered ideals"?

The woman whose husband goes out before breakfast and fetches home an armful of lilacs for the breakfast table doesn't have to worry about his curves when he's out of her sight, either.

In the first place, a man couldn't be induced to eat fudge and pickles in alternate mouthfuls. But if he could be, he wouldn't loiter around a little later on, wondering what in the wide world ailed his stomach.

### His Fate Already Settled.

Hicks—Do you think that that flirtation between Jack Wilson and Kate Thornley is serious?

Wicks—For Jack, yes. But he doesn't know it yet.—Somerville Journal.

We suppose "Peach" is the accepted nickname for girls these days because their mothers bring them up in fear and trembling that a frost may get them.



SOCIETY WOMEN AT THE CARD TABLE.

"winner" getting her share of gossip.

The wise woman is the one who lets cards severely alone, and that is just what some of them are doing. One of the most surprising things about society women recently has been their loss of interest in bridge whist. For several years it seemed as if this game would become a permanent institution. Women played for high stakes at almost every opportunity. They were at it morning, noon and night. In many Newport houses it was not an uncommon thing for the hostess to lead her guests straight from the breakfast table to the card table, and the afternoon receptions usually resolved themselves into bridge campaigns. There were many women who gambled themselves poor, in the sense that they lost all their pin money and their own incomes and were forced to go in humiliation to their husbands for more funds. There were other women who fattened financially on bridge. There was one prominent society matron who received an automobile as a gift from her husband and the next week parted with it to liquidate a bridge debt.

There is, however, little or no bridge gambling at present. Bridge is dead. After all, as the evidence shows, it was a fad. Society cannot stick to anything. It must have change. Society women are restless, nervous, always calling for something different, and so bridge whist has gone. Of course it will be played, but only occasionally, and never again will it be a wholesale thief of time

army, with only two transports, would be trapped at Vicksburg, they asked him how he expected to get his men out, urging that in case of defeat he could get only a small part of his army upon two transports. He told them that two would be plenty for all the men that he would have left when he surrendered.

It is the man in the business world who will not surrender, who will not take no for an answer, and who stands his ground with such suavity of manner, such politeness, that you cannot take offense, cannot turn him down, that gets the order; that closes the contract; that gets the subscription; that gets the credit or the loan.

He is a very fortunate man who combines a gracious manner, suavity, cordiality, cheerfulness, with that dogged persistency which never gives up.

### Quite Unnecessary.

Bacon—I understand the principal rule of a new club at Paris is that all the members on entering the institution shall preserve an absolute silence.

Egbert—I suppose it is quite unnecessary to say it is not a woman's club?—Yonkers Statesman.

### Nothing Dangerous About That.

Hewitt—Delays are dangerous. Jewett—Oh, I don't know. My wife received a letter this morning saying that her mother would have to postpone her visit.—New York Press.

## KEEPING HIS WITS ABOUT HIM.





# THE WRANGELL SENTINEL

RICHARD BUSHELL, JR., Editor and Proprietor

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## LOOKS LIKE BUSINESS

The result of the suggestion appearing in these columns last week, that local people build a vessel for work on the Stikine, is bearing fruit sooner than we had hoped for or expected, for we were informed yesterday that there was a movement on foot looking to just that objective point.

From data which we have been able to gather, it would appear that a suitable vessel, operated economically, would make good money every year.

It is to be hoped that the report is a true one, and that as soon as navigation opens next spring there may be some boat ready to stem the current, and keep the business where it belongs, right here in Wrangell.

The Douglas Island News says that once in a great while a good man gets into the newspaper business. Each one of us naturally thinks that Brother Hopp had us in his mind's eye when that mighty truth was penned. Of course he didn't mean himself, because that would be egotistic, and good men are ever modest. No one has ever accused the Juneau bunch of pen wallopers of ever being good, and God knows that the Skagway man is no more saintly than he ought to be, even if he does print a bible verse every day. Who is there left? Just Bushell and the Miner editor. It's a cinch he didn't mean Bushell.—Ketchikan Miner.

And it's another cinch that when Brother Howdeshell shall have re-

ceived the wings, harp and halo which his "goodness," as everybody knows, has so well earned, that he had better have them fire-proofed.

I like to read of Theadore, who's won renown for shedding gore, and time will never dim it; I read about the beasts he slays, and wish him fortune all his days—but Kermit is the limit. I do not care what Kermit slew—a mongoose or a kangaroo—I care not where HE wanders; and yet the man who sends the yarns of hunting in the jungle tarts, of Kermit droofs and maunders. Its Kermit here, and Kermit there, and Kermit killed a grizzly bear, a polecat or a cheetah; and Kermit licked a crocodile and chased a python half a mile, or slugged a big muskeetah. Oh, send a thrilling yarn of gore, of bloodshed wrought by Theadore—don't cut it down or trim it; we'll print the story, word for word, and not one comma will be slurred—but Kermit is the limit.—Walt Mason.

## CHEER UP

Don't kick because you have to button your wife's waist. Be glad your wife has a waist, and doubly glad you have a wife to button a waist for. Some men's wives have no waists to button. Some men's wives' waists have no buttons on to button. Some men's wives who have waists with buttons on to button don't care a button whether they are buttoned or not. And then again, some men don't have any wives with waists with buttons on to button, any more than a rabbit.—Ex.

## A Pointed Question

The teacher was describing the dolphin and its habits.

"And, children," she said impressively, "a single dolphin will have two thousand offspring."

"Goodness," gasped the little girl in the back row. "And how about the married ones?"

## He Needed Help

Some Federal officers during the Civil War once sought shelter for the night in an old, tumble down shack. Shortly after midnight a full-grown, healthy skunk announced its presence in its own peculiar way. A German sat up after a while and looked helplessly about him. The others were sleeping peacefully.

"Mein Gott!" he exclaimed at last in tones of despair. "All the rest asleep, and I've got to smell it all alone."

## Hard On The Bishop

Bishop Goodsell, of the Methodist Episcopal church, weighs close to three hundred pounds. It was with mingled emotions, therefore, that he read the following in "Zion's Herald" recently.

"The announcement that our New England bishop, Daniel A. Goodsell, has promised to preach at the Willimantic camp meeting will give great pleasure to the hosts of Israel who are looking forward to that godly feast of fat things."

## Taking His Vacation

Leo McCormack was a round trip passenger on the Cottage, on her last trip to Sida, and continued on to Seattle to take in the big fair. While south Leo expects to meet his brother, a resides in Montana, whom he has not seen for a number of years. He expects to be gone for about a month.

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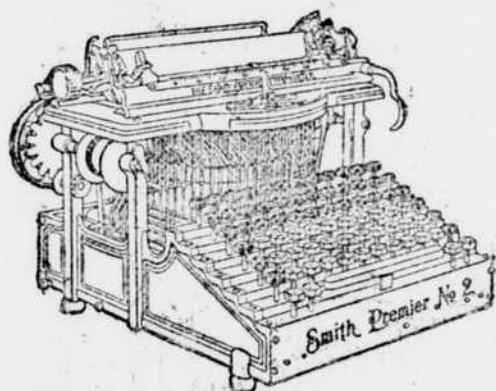
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## Here And There In The North

The July term of court at Skagway will not be held.

Joe King of Nome has been appointed game warden of Alaska by Gov. Hoggatt.

Japanese sealing schooner carrying machine guns has joined the poaching fleet near Shumagin Island.

The publication of the A.-Y.-P. Exposition Daily News at the Seattle fair has suspended publication on account of lack of patronage.

Jafet Lindeberg and the Pioneer Mining Co., of Nome, will not attempt any more mining operations in Siberia.

Charles McDermott, chief of the fire department at Chena, Alaska, lost one of thumbs as the result of an accident during a fire at that town.

The river is washing away the townsite of Richardson in the Tenderfoot district. So rapid is the action of the river, that already this season the postoffice has been moved twice.

A party sent out from Skagway has made the discovery that the Denver glacier, near that place has receded nearly a thousand feet during the last year.

Edward Sands, proprietor of the Pine Tree hotel, Atlin, lost over four hundred dollars from his till recently. Some sneak thief stole it while Sands was at lunch.

Summer contracts for carrying the mail to Nome have just been let by the government. The Pacific Coast Steamship Co. and the Alaska Steamship Co. were the successful bidders. They will receive \$600 per trip.

A catch of 10,000 salmon on the Copper river delta was destroyed by a heavy storm which prevented the steamers getting the fish to the canneries.

Bobbie Crawford, a nine-year-old Fairbanks boy, sold papers and saved money enough to go to the Seattle fair, where he is counted as one of the chief attractions.

The first water is now running in the giant ditch of the Yukon Gold company near Dawson, the construction of which was begun over three years ago.

The Interstate Commerce Commission has declared its jurisdiction

over Alaska railroads. The point at issue is the alleged discrimination of the White Pass road against the Humboldt Steamship Co.

Ole Finstad and Shorty Goughener, former Klondikers, have been released from a Mexican prison. The men were charged with the murder of two American prospectors, and will sue the Mexican government for false imprisonment.

Prince Rupert has a population of not to exceed 1,000; none of whom can be rated as people of wealth. Yet in three weeks they have paid the Grand Trunk Pacific Town & Development Co., \$125,000 in cash, and contracted to pay \$375,000 more in three annual installments, for lots in Prince Rupert. This goes to show that the people living there have faith in their town.

## Went After The Mail

Capt John Johnson and his staunch little launch the Wisbey made the trip to Petersburg, Saturday, for the mail from that place for points south. Walter Dort and several others accompanied him, and the outfit returned during the early morning hours, after an uneventful trip. John T. Powers, a former Juneau newspaperman accompanied them on the return trip, and left for the south on Sunday's Cottage City.

Subscribe for The Sentinel.

## ADMINISTRATOR'S SALE OF MINING PROPERTY

In the United States Commissioner's Court, Wrangell Precinct, First Division, District of Alaska, in Probate.

In the matter of the estate of Henry Siemer, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given that in pursuance of an order of the Probate Court for Wrangell Precinct, First Division, District of Alaska, made and entered on the 1st day of July, A. D. 1909, directing me to sell the hereinafter-described property belonging to the estate of Henry Siemer, deceased, the undersigned administrator will proceed to sell at public sale, subject to confirmation by the Probate Court, at the Court house door at Wrangell, Alaska, at the hour of 10 o'clock, a. m., on Saturday, the 7th day of August, 1909, the following property belonging to the said deceased at the time of his death:

A one-ninth interest in and to the Glacier Basin Mining Group of Mining Claims, situated on the Main land in the Wrangell Recording District, District of Alaska, and composed of the following claims: Senator, Josephine, President, Independence, Monarch, Admiral, Lion, Eagle, Gypsy Queen, Democrat, Republic and Bryan.

Terms—Cash.

Dated this 8th day of July, 1909.

PETER C. JENSEN,

Administrator of the estate of Henry Siemer, deceased.

First publication, July 8, 1909.

Last publication, August 5, 1909.

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# The Pirate of Alastair

By  
RUPERT SARGENT  
HOLLAND

Author of "The Count at Harvard," etc.

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## CHAPTER IV.

I happened to be sitting in my den, writing, the following afternoon, when glancing out of the big window that looks up the beach, I caught sight of a woman walking near the water. I picked up my binoculars and focussed them on her. It proved to be Miss Graham, dressed in a riding-habit, and with a broad felt hat on her head. She was walking in a somewhat aimless fashion, skirting the waves as though she were playing with them. I saw her glance once at the ship and once in the direction of my house.

I put down the glasses and laid my papers aside. When I went down-stairs I routed Charles out of a sound sleep in the kitchen.

"Do you remember how to make tea—good tea?" I asked him.

"Yes, Mr. Felix. Aren't you feeling well, sir?"

"Quite well. Please make some tea that shall be ready to serve in about an hour, and get out a box of those salty biscuits. Set the small table in the dining-room out in front of the door, with two chairs, and be ready to serve a lady and myself."

"Yes, Mr. Felix." Charles showed no surprise, though he had never received such an order since we had been at Alastair.

I picked up a cap, and left the house. As I did so I noticed that Miss Graham had stopped walking and was gathering shells. Half way to her, and she was still absorbed in the shells, which are quite unusually beautiful here; three-quarters of the way, and she was still playing with them. I had almost reached her, and was raising my cap to speak, before she turned and saw me. A flush of surprise rose to her cheeks.

"Good afternoon."

"Good afternoon, Mr. Hermit. Am I poaching on your preserves?"

"Not in the least. I make you free of the city."

There was a light in her blue eyes which I discovered that I remembered, but a found her riding-habit new and wonderfully prepossessing. I was taking stock of it when she interrupted me.

"I left my horse tied back in the woods. Haven't you ever seen a riding-habit before?"

"Yes. I beg your pardon, but it's so very becoming."

Again the quick flush, and an instant's look at the sand. Then she laughed and shook her riding-crop playfully at me.

"Beware, Mr. Hermit. Any man might say a thing like that, but I expect other things from you. That's one of the penalties of your position: you must be different. I look for the flavor of romance and adventure at Alastair." She laughed at my puzzled face. "Shall I go back home again?"

"No. I will try to remember. Did you come to see the sunset from the cliff?"

"Yes. My aunt has a headache and has stayed in bed all day. I bribed our waiter to save me a little supper and send it up to my room at 8 o'clock, so, you see, I'm free of the club and dinner." She spoke impulsively, as I imagined she might do many things, and glanced at me whimsically to see of what I was thinking. She had some of the artlessness of a child playing truant from school. "I do hate stupid conventions, such as chaperons," she added, "especially in summer."

We walked past my cottage, which Miss Graham looked at with much curiosity, asking me a hundred questions about it—how I had discovered it, why I had bought it, how it was fashioned inside, and how I did my marketing. I told her I had the same butcher they had at the club.

"Oh!" she said. "I half hoped you lived by hunting and fishing, but I suppose you'd rather indulge in occasional beefsteaks."

"I'd rather live that way," said I, "but Charles, my man, wouldn't like that. He has a very cultivated palate."

When we came to the top of the cliff I felt like another Balboa discovering the Pacific. In front of us lay the entrance to the river, the sloping away of the dunes to the low, level fields of meadow-grass, and the distant background of the pines. Here and there the fields were dotted with beach marshmallow, windfalls delicately pink; the sedgy banks grew clumps of cat-tails, their brown penons stiff like so much bronze. At a little landing-stage, where the river had hollowed out a harbor in the bank, rode my cat-boat, the sail tightly furled, the mast rocking gently with the tide. As we looked a flock of sand-snipe rose from the tall rank grasses beyond the river and spread themselves like a sail against the western sky. Nature never looked so absolutely peaceful.

"Look," I said: a heron, red-legged, white-bodied, rose from the sedges and flapped his way up the stream. He called to his mate, a low, plaintive cry.

"It is beautiful," said the girl. "I don't wonder that you love it."

"Look," I said: the sun's kaleidoscope was changing, the pale yellows deepening, the pinks turning to reds, to oranges, to brilliant, blazing golds. Again it shifted and softened; red and yellow

were saffron, orange the color of coral. Yet again, and the whole west was golden with a purple border, and then as the purple gained and the gold sank we could see the army of pines silhouetted against the dropping fire.

"They come, the armies come!" I cried. "See the spears, see the crested horsemen, see the banners in the rear!"

I turned and her eyes were shining, exulting in the beauty of the scene. Then we were silent for a time, until the blaze had softened and the battle dropped to a harmonious peace.

I found a seat for her, and stretched myself beside it.

"Tell me what you think," she said—"the stories you make up when you come here night after night."

I had known how that view of the sunset quieted, yet I was surprised to find her so still and calm. It seemed as though we had known each other for some time.

I have romanced to myself idly from that cliff when the yellow light lies over the sea and the river and the pines, and I drew upon my memory only to find it well stocked. Moreover, I learned much of the river people, of the birds that live in the marsh and of the animals of the woods. I had watched the purple grackle build his nest and the blue jay forage for his offspring when the summer was young, and I knew many a story of the sea-gulls. Miss Graham was a flattering listener, her lips slightly parted, her eyes alight with interest.

"You must be hungry," I said at last, "lunch at noon, no supper until 8. I should like to offer you my cottage's hospitality."

I was looking for the flush that I knew would come, and was not disappointed.

"Thank you," she answered, "but, you see—what would people think if they looked in your dining-room window and saw me taking tea alone with you?"

"People don't look in my dining-room window," I answered.

She shook her head so decisively that I knew she meant it.

"At least, we will have a cup of tea on the beach," I said, "out of doors—oh, a dozen yards from the cottage, where all the world may see us if they choose."

"Splendid!" she cried, and, jumping up, led the way down from the heights.

On the smooth sand some distance from my door Charles had placed the little table. Two chairs faced each other; plates, napkins, and a center-piece of beach-marshmallows were the decorations, and my man, as straight and rigid as an Egyptian idol, stood a short distance off. Miss Graham gave a little cry of pleasure.

"It's like the Arabian Nights!" she exclaimed. "The whole thing seems to have sprung out of the sand."

I seated her at the table.

"You may serve the tea, Charles," I ordered.

He brought forth the tea-pot, and was about to pour the tea into our cups when Miss Graham expostulated. "It's the woman's place to do that!" she exclaimed, and Charles surrendered the tea-pot into her care.

"How many lumps of sugar?" she asked, with the delicate superiority of a hostess to a guest.

"Two."

"Will you have lemon or cream?" There were both; I thanked my stars that Charles was so thoughtful.

"Lemon."

I received my tea-cup and a moment later had the satisfaction of hearing Miss Graham say that the brew was delicious. "And such pretty cups! I don't believe you're a bit of a hermit, but a very pampered old sybarite."

"We use these only on state occasions, for our honored guests," I explained.

"But I don't feel as if this were a state occasion," she answered. "It seems quite as though we'd been doing this all summer."

"I wish we had," I said, quickly.

"I mean, it seems so usual," she said. "And yet, in reality, you hardly know me at all; why, you haven't even met Aunt Elizabeth yet."

"No, that's true," I agreed. "But then, on the other hand, you don't know such a very great deal about me."

"It's the very fact that we know so little about each other in the usual ways, and so much in other ways," Miss Graham attempted to explain, "that makes everything so nice. We're both so much interested in the ship and its history, you know."

"We are," I answered. "That reminds me that I was to tell you all about the ship some time."

"Yes," she looked off to where the boat lay shining like mahogany in the yellow afterglow. "But don't you think we'd better wait until we're on board again. The smell of tar and the feel of the wood will make it so much more real."

"Then, you'll come—" I began, and stopped, for Miss Graham was looking past me at the door of my house. I turned to see Islip there, a broad smile wreathing his face.

"Well, well, well!" he remarked, advancing. "What a charming idyl! Real-

ly, I had so idea when I came in at the back door that I should find such a pretty picture awaiting me in front." He bowed to Miss Graham. "Where is the horse, Barbara, that goes with your habit?"

"I left him in the woods. He's used to standing." She turned to me. "Mr. Selden, have you met Mr. Islip?"

"Yesterday," I answered. "He lunched here."

"Yes," put in Islip: "and he gave me as good a lunch as he's giving you tea. Really, Selden, you're not living up to your reputation as a recluse." He paused, looking from Miss Graham to me. "I hate an interloper, but I'm afraid that's the part assigned me. When you didn't appear at dinner, and couldn't be found, I volunteered to hunt. I was getting quite worried over the disappearance. Your Aunt Elizabeth—"

"Is ill in bed with a headache," said Miss Graham.

"Quite so; so we didn't like to tell her. I took all the responsibility on myself."

I may have looked somewhat sharply at Islip at these words, for when I turned to the girl I caught an amused gleam in her eyes.

"Thank you, Rodney. Aunt Elizabeth would thank you, too, if she knew."

The young man flushed and bit his lip. Miss Graham had a provoking tone when she wished. I felt sorry for him.

"Won't you sit down and have some tea?" I asked.

He shook his head. "I must be getting back, now I have found her."

He was too polite to look at his watch, but we both knew what he was thinking. "I left my horse in your back yard."

Miss Graham rose. "I must go, too. Thank you, Mr. Selden, for the sunset and the tea. Mr. Islip will find my horse and go back with me." Her eyes were dancing as she looked from one to the other of us men, and I hardly wonder, for I felt distinctly out of sorts all of a sudden, and Islip's face wasn't as cheerful as usual.

Charles brought Islip's horse down to the beach, and we three walked up to the point in the pines where Miss Graham had left her mount. There we separated. "By the way, Selden," said Islip, "the market's shaky; slumping all yesterday and started in to-day. Better look out for a squall." He grinned as he disappeared.

Charles was clearing away the remains of the tea-party when I returned.

"Sorry, Mr. Felix," said he. "I tried to keep the gentleman away, but he would come out. Said he wanted to see you on pressing business."

"That's all right, Charles. He came to get my guest. We couldn't have sat there drinking tea all night."

"No, of course not, sir, of course not."

I turned to do indoors. "By the way, Charles, that tea was splendid; you did yourself proud."

By the time supper was finished I was still thinking about the Penguin Club, which was a very singular thing, because ordinarily I had no use for the place.

(To be continued.)

## Division of Labor.

"Got any work this mornin', Mistah Boyd?" asked old Billy Bulger, safe in the knowledge that no work would be entrusted to him.

"No," was the response; and then, before Billy could ask for the customary contribution: "But wait a minute. Lawyer Phillips has owed me \$20 for twenty years. Collect it and I'll give you half." And the merchant, knowing how bad was the debt, winked at a waiting customer.

The old man found the lawyer in the middle of a group of prospective clients and influential citizens. Thrusting through the group, he called, in stentorian tones:

"Mistah Phillips, suh!"

"Well?" queried the lawyer, much annoyed.

"Mistah Boyd done tell me that you've owed him \$20 for about a hundred years; and he wants to know kin you pay him, suh."

The lawyer hurried to Billy's side. "You idiot," he said sotto voce, "do you want to ruin my business? Here!" and he thrust a \$10 bill into the old man's hand.

Back to the merchant toddled the old man.

"Well, Billy," said the merchant, "did you get it?"

The old man grinned.

"I got my half, all right," he chuckled; "but you'd better look out when you go back to get your half—he's right smart hot over it, suh!"—Success Magazine.

## Ripening Bananas.

It is a familiar fact that bananas are imported green, but it came as a new thing to a visitor to the banana district in Colombia to find that bananas are not permitted to ripen on the plant even down there. They are cut and set to hang somewhere until they wither ripe, as the phrase is. Bananas do not have to be yellow to be ripe. That is only the color of the skin when it has dried up. To the person who is accustomed to eating bananas only when they are yellow it seems odd to peel them when they are green and find that they are perfectly ripe within and fit to eat.—New York Sun.

## Coarsely Defined.

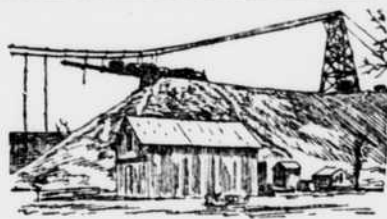
"What is the distinguishing quality of the problem play?"

"It makes you think. The first half keeps you wondering what the question is, and the second half keeps you guessing what's the answer."—Washington Star.

## A TRAVELING BRIDGE FOR RAILWAY CONSTRUCTION.

A device for building a railway embankment, reminding one somewhat of the construction of a cantilever bridge by adding pieces continually to the end of one of the arms, is now in use in New Jersey. The building of an embankment by first making false work in the form of a trestle, and dumping earth from a train standing on it, is familiar. This may be likened to the building of a bridge by means of similar false work, which serves to sustain the pieces till they are fastened together. In the new method, the embankment is pushed forward continuously from one extremity by dumping from a train on a so-called "traveling bridge" one end of which rests on the embankment while the other is hung from a cableway, as shown in the picture.

Briefly the apparatus consists of two towers, one fixed and one movable, between which a double cableway is suspended. From this cableway is hung a cradle, or traveling bridge, on



TRAVELING BRIDGE AT WORK.

which a three-foot-gauge track is laid. Beginning just inside the movable tower a construction track is started on the line of fill on which the dump-cars are pushed. As the fill progresses this track is extended out over its cradle, which is moved ahead with the fill. The view shows the track extending out over the fill and the cars dumping. The cars are backed on to the track and each car is dumped as it reaches the end of the fill, so that the empties are always at the suspended end of the structure and the filled cars near the supports.

The fixed tower at the far end of the line is a standard cableway tower of timber, firmly held in place by the pressure of the cables and by its anchorage to the ground. It will not be moved during the entire construction. The movable tower is of structural steel.

The cableway at present is dumping 1,100 to 1,200 cubic yards a day with no trouble whatsoever. It could handle many times that amount, but is limited by the amount of excavation in the cut farther back.

## CONSOLING REFLECTIONS.

It must be a marvelous feeling  
To walk like a fly on the ceiling.



But I think it poor taste  
To be mashed into paste  
Just because one is caught sugar-stealing.

What a merry and maddening whirl  
To run up a tree like a squirrel!



But I fear my poor jaws,  
Used as nut-cracking saws,  
Would soon into coat-hangers curl.

It must be a joy without peer  
To run through the woods like a deer.



But perhaps it's a bit  
Of a bore, I admit,  
To remain out-of-doors all the year.

What a frolicsome pleasure to fly  
Like a bird through the depths of the sky!



But if I had to seek  
All my food with a beak,  
I am sure of starvation I'd die.

## All in a Name.

Madge—What kind of a trunk are you going to buy?

Marjorie—I've looked all through the catalogue, but I just can't make up my mind. They have the same lovely names you see painted on the Pullman cars.—Judge.

## Blindness from Falling.

Fair Client—I wonder whether it is possible for a person to become blind from a fall?

Expert Lawyer—Yes. Persons often become blind from falling in love.—Judge.

"The bachelors and old maids don't know what trouble is," said a man to-day. He has a sick wife.

**CRESCENT BAKING POWDER**  
A pure phosphate baking powder that does all that the high priced baking powders will do and does it better. It rises the dough and makes lighter, sweeter and better risen foods. Sold by grocers 25c per pound. If you will send us your name and address we will send you a book on health and baking powder.  
CRESCENT MFG. CO. Seattle, W.

## Holy Names Academy and Normal School.



CAPITOL HILL, SEATTLE, WASH. Conducted by the Sisters of the Holy Names of Jesus and Mary. Address Sister Superior, 21st Ave & Roy Street, Capitol Hill, Seattle.

## DAISY FLY KILLER



placed anywhere, attracts and kills all flies. Neat, clean, ornamental, convenient, cheap. Lasts all season. Made of metal, cannot spill or tip over. Will not soil or injure anything. Guaranteed effective. Of all dealers or sent prepaid for 20 cents.

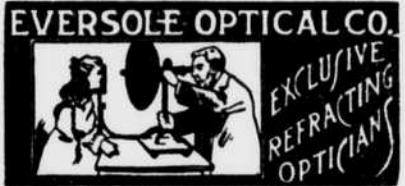
HAROLD SOMERS, 150 DeKalb Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

## Spokane, Kalispel, or Missoula and Couer d'Alene

If you intend going to the opening of these reservations, it will be to your advantage to call or write the

## HOMESEEEKERS' CLUB,

413 Central Building, Seattle, Wash.



Glasses scientifically fitted. We lend, others follow. 322-324 Empire Building. Entrance 2nd Second Ave. SEATTLE

**GOLDEN WEST**  
COFFEE  
TEA SPICES  
BAKING POWDER  
EXTRACTS  
JUST RIGHT  
A TRIAL WILL CONVINCE  
CLOSSET & DEVERS  
PORTLAND, ORE.

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R. F. D. Mail Boxes \$1. Galvanized Steel. Heavy spring keeps door always closed. Approved by Postmaster General twice. "The Best Box Made" \$1.00

Window Spring Bolts Japanned per dozen \$12c

"T" Hinges wrought steel including screws, 3 in hinges per pair \$7c

Columbia Brand prepared Roofing the Best in the market. Complete with nails, cement. Per sq. ft. 10¢ sq. ft. 1/2 ply \$1.25

Write for list "K". Send us a list of your wants and get prices including freight prepaid to your station. Illustrated Money Saving Catalog free to any address.

## Ainslie-Boyd Co., Inc.

"Reliable Dealers" 2011 Westlake Ave. SEATTLE

## Cracker Tarts.

Split common crackers in halves and soak them in cold water about five minutes. Drain water off and put one-third of a teaspoon of butter on center of each half. Bake in hot oven until nicely browned; then put a teaspoon of raspberry jam (or any kind of jelly) in the center of each.

## French Dressing.

The ordinary French dressing is quickly and easily made. Mix in a small bowl three-fourths of a teaspoonful salt, quarter of a teaspoonful pepper, two tablespoonfuls vinegar and four tablespoonfuls olive oil. Stir until well blended.

Adam was the first man, but quite a number beat him in the matter of having monuments erected to their memory.



## SOUR STOMACH

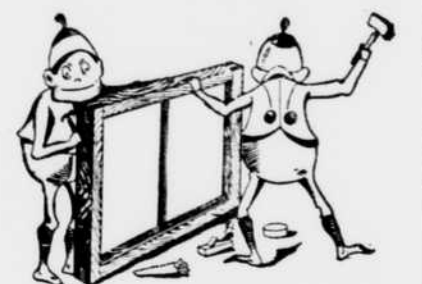
"I used Cascarets and feel like a new man. I have been a sufferer from dyspepsia and sour stomach for the last two years. I have been taking medicine and other drugs, but could find no relief only for a short time. I will recommend Cascarets to my friends as the only thing that digests and sour stomach and to keep the bowels in good condition. They are very nice to eat."

Harry Stuckley, Mauch Chunk, Pa.

Pleasant, Palatable, Potent, Taste Good, Do Good. Never Sickens, Weakens or Grips. 35c, 25c, 50c. Never sold in bulk. The genuine tablet stamped C.C.C. Guaranteed to cure or your money back.

## GLASS

Buy Window Glass From Us



Lowest price on window glass by the light or box. We are the largest buyers and dealers in glass in the Northwest.

We ship anywhere and guarantee safe delivery to your nearest railway station. Send for price lists on glass.

O. B. Williams Co.

1010 Western Ave.  
Seattle, Washington

**SAVE MONEY and AVOID PAIN**

Let me pay your way to the Alaska Yukon Exposition. A dental war is on in Seattle. I am fighting the State Dental combine, and my prices are reduced from twenty-five to forty percent. Examinations are free, painless extractions free. A full set of teeth from five dollars up; gold crowns four dollars, porcelain crowns \$2.50, \$4 and \$6; bridge work four dollars per tooth; gold inlay fillings and all other work at half the price charged by other first class dentists. I do the same work done by other high class dentists for half the price charged by the combine association dentists. 15 years in practice.

EDWIN J. BROWN, 713 First Ave., Seattle

**SEATTLE**  
invites you to the A.-Y.-P. Exposition  
We invite you to stop at the  
**PRINCE RUPERT**  
A comfortable, convenient family hotel a half block from all car lines. Rates 75c a day and up. Write and engage accommodations in advance.

## KODAKS

From \$1.00 to \$100.00. Some second-hand machines at bargain prices. Write us for Kodak booklet G.

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## HIGH GRADE POST CARDS

at the rate of  
7 FOR 5c

Send us 25c in stamps and we will mail you, postpaid, 35 beautifully colored official A. Y. P. Exposition Post Cards. These sell regularly at 2 for 5c, but as we expect that you will mail some to your friends, helping thereby to advertise our great Fair, we make this unusual offer.

THE NOVELTY POST CARD & STATIONERY CO.  
516 Pacific Block, Seattle, Wash.

### Boiled Salad Dressing.

Take two teaspoons sugar, two teaspoons flour, one-half cup cream, one-half teaspoon both mustard and salt, two tablespoons butter and two tablespoons vinegar. Rub flour, seasonings and butter together. Add cream and cook in double boiler until hot, then add vinegar slowly. Add eggs slightly beaten and cook until it begins to thicken.

**"THE OLD RELIABLE"**  
**PLANTEN'S C & C OR BLACK CAPSULES**  
FOR CATARRH OF THE BLADDER, URINARY DISCHARGES ETC.  
AT DRUGGISTS, OR TRIAL BOX BY MAIL 50c FROM PLANTEN, 93 HENRY ST. BROOKLYN, N.Y.  
—BEWARE OF IMITATIONS—

S. N. U. No. 29—1909

WHEN writing to advertisers please mention this paper.

Complementing Mr. Burbank's plan to make the cactus a fodder plant, comes the statement that an Arizona man has found a way to turn it into candy and preserves, the taste of which is said to be peculiar, but very pleasing. In time, doubtless, we shall discover uses for all our weeds; but probably few others will provide food for man and beast.

**Pettit's Eye Salve for Over 100 Years**  
has been used for congested and inflamed eyes, removes film and scum over the eyes. All druggists or Howard Bros., Buffalo, N. Y.

### Eggless Ginger Snaps.

One cup of granulated sugar, one full cup of shortening—equal parts lard, butter and beef drippings, or one half butter and one-half lard—one tablespoon ginger, one-half cup cooking molasses, one-half cup hot water, one tablespoon baking soda, one teaspoon salt. Put soda on the molasses and pour on water and stir. Flour enough to roll thin.

**FITS** St. Vitas' Dance and Nervous Diseases Permanently Cured by Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. Send for FREE \$2.00 trial bottle and treatise. Dr. R. H. Kline, L.D., 301 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Mrs. Augusta J. Evans Wilson, who died recently, was the author of "Mariana," "Beulah," "Vashti," and "St. Elmo," novels which had many readers for many years. They do not belong to a very high order of fiction, for they are sentimental and melodramatic; but they have a real value, for they reflect the customs and local color of Southern society at a time when the country was concerned with graver things than writing and reading fiction. Mrs. Wilson was one of a few Southern novelists of her time to win a wide audience throughout the English-speaking world.

Mothers will find Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup the best remedy to use for their children during the teething period.

### Potatoes with Cheese.

Pare and cut into small cubes enough potatoes to make a pint; lay them in cold water half an hour, drain and cook in salted water until tender. Place a layer in a buttered baking dish, sprinkle thickly with grated cheese, pepper and salt, with bits of butter and a little celery salt; fill the dish in this way, pour over a cupful of milk, bake fifteen minutes and serve hot.

The Little Land League, a national organization under the auspices of many noted men in New York and other cities, is devoted to a purpose which deserves the highest encouragement. It proposes not merely to cry, "Back to the soil!" but to aid struggling, destitute men and women to go to the land and earn a living there. The Little Land League says that when people begin to "realize that with 250 days' work a year, two acres will support an ordinary size family, and produce enough readily marketable surplus to provide money for clothing and to keep the roof over their heads in good repair," there will be a movement back to the land. The statement as to the number of acres and the amount of labor is no doubt the product of an intense enthusiasm. If the person has the skill and experience of a successful market gardener, or of a Frenchman who has learned the secret of intensive cultivation, two acres is ample, but a city dweller, unacquainted with the secrets of the soil and the craft to produce growing things, is nearly helpless with a farm of either two acres or 200 acres. The function of the league is to encourage unskilled men to make the attempt, to teach them and to provide means whereby the step may be taken. It is a splendid idea, and should enlist the support and aid of intelligent men and women. What could be a finer charity or, rather, work of real philanthropy than the founding of a great farm school home, with its surrounding collection of small homesteads, to be sold on easy terms to self-respecting men, willing and eager to make the effort to become independent and self-supporting in the country? Better than any sort of the charity which consists in giving spasmodically a little help here and there to unknown men would be the serious effort to relieve the congested districts of great cities by turning men back to the country and self-help and self-support.

### Corn Sauté.

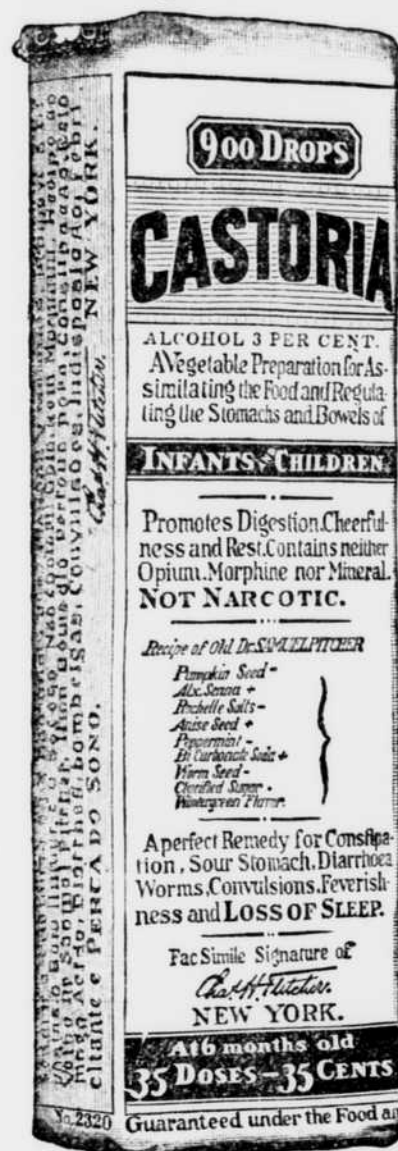
Place the contents of a can of corn in a saucepan with a third of a cupful of butter and allow it to simmer for five minutes. Then add a cupful of cream, a dusting of white pepper and salt and a little nutmeg. Cook gently for a few moments, then pour into a hot dish and serve.

If Edison's concrete house for \$1,200 looks just like a hundred other houses in the same row, it will not be an artistic success. Man is not a sand-swallow to be satisfied with a hole in a bank that looks just like all the other holes.

## What is Castoria.

**CASTORIA** is a harmless substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Drops and Soothing Syrups. It is pleasant. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. Its age is its guarantee. It destroys Worms and allays Feverishness. It cures Diarrhoea and Wind Colic. It relieves Teething Troubles, cures Constipation and Flatulency. It assimilates the Food, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, giving healthy and natural sleep. The children's Panacea—The Mother's Friend.

The Kind You Have Always Bought, and which has been in use for over 30 years, has borne the signature of Chas. H. Fletcher, and has been made under his personal supervision since its infancy. Allow no one to deceive you in this. All Counterfeits, Imitations and "Just-as-good" are but Experiments that trifle with and endanger the health of Infants and Children—Experience against Experiment.



Exact Copy of Wrapper.

## Letters from Prominent Physicians addressed to Chas. H. Fletcher.

Dr. F. Gerald Blattner, of Buffalo, N. Y., says: "Your Castoria is good for children and I frequently prescribe it, always obtaining the desired results."

Dr. Gustave A. Eisengraeber, of St. Paul, Minn., says: "I have used your Castoria repeatedly in my practice with good results, and can recommend it as an excellent, mild and harmless remedy for children."

Dr. E. J. Dennis, of St. Louis, Mo., says: "I have used and prescribed your Castoria in my sanitarium and outside practice for a number of years and find it to be an excellent remedy for children."

Dr. S. A. Duchanan, of Philadelphia, Pa., says: "I have used your Castoria in the case of my own baby and find it pleasant to take, and have obtained excellent results from its use."

Dr. J. L. Simpson, of Chicago, Ill., says: "I have used your Castoria in cases of colic in children and have found it the best medicine of its kind on the market."

Dr. R. E. Eskildson, of Omaha, Neb., says: "I find your Castoria to be a standard family remedy. It is the best thing for infants and children I have ever known and I recommend it."

Dr. L. R. Robinson, of Kansas City, Mo., says: "Your Castoria certainly has merit. Is not its age, its continued use by mothers through all these years, and the many attempts to imitate it, sufficient recommendation? What can a physician add? Leave it to the mothers."

Dr. Edwin F. Pardee, of New York City, says: "For several years I have recommended your Castoria and shall always continue to do so, as it has invariably produced beneficial results."

Dr. N. B. Sizer, of Brooklyn, N. Y., says: "I object to what are called patent medicines, where maker alone knows what ingredients are put in them, but I know the formula of your Castoria and advise its use."

**GENUINE CASTORIA ALWAYS**  
Bears the Signature of

*Chas. H. Fletcher.*

**The Kind You Have Always Bought**

In Use For Over 30 Years.

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, 77 MURRAY STREET, NEW YORK CITY

It is unfortunately true that even a good man may be an ass. Inspired by an over-zealous religious enthusiasm, George W. Crabtree, a missionary from Washington, D. C., armed himself with a paint-pot and brush, and smeared many rocks in the canyons near Manitou, Col., with religious maxims and precepts. The public indignation which followed the act brought forth a confession from the evangelist, who declared his willingness to correct his error by removing the unsightly signs.

### Cream Cake.

One cupful of maple sugar, one egg, one-half teaspoonful salt, one cupful sour cream, one and one-quarter cupfuls of flour, one teaspoonful soda. Add the soda to the cream; when it foams add the egg well beaten, next the sugar and salt, last the flour. Bake in a quick oven.

It is all right, mayhap, but when your next door neighbor has a chug-chug car in the yard, a mechanical piano in the house, and a phonograph on the porch, it is hard for you to see why you shouldn't have a dog and keep chickens.

### Short Suggestions.

Vinegar diluted with water will remove grease from a stove.

Wash the refrigerator every week with soda water and keep a saucer of charcoal in it.

It is much easier to skin onions if they are covered with boiling water for a few moments before peeling.

Never throw away pea pods; they give a delicious flavor to the purees for the next day.

A roast of meat which is to be served cold should be wrapped in a cloth when it is put away. It keeps its flavor better.

After scrubbing potatoes to bake, grease them with lard, and the outer skin will come off like burnt paper when the potatoes are served.

To clean batter from the cake pan let it harden in the pan and scrape out with a steel knife, or first grease the pan before making the batter. Pour hot water in cereal pans, place on the lid and steam the vessel and it will clean easily.

It is worth noting, perhaps, that no free-born American citizen of mature years is compelled to wear either a green or a blue hat.

Figureheads are to be removed from the ships of the American navy. Other figureheads are earnestly hoping the craze for the removal of figureheads may not spread.

## HAMLIN'S WIZARD OIL GREAT FOR PAIN

When in SEATTLE Don't fail to visit

**LUNA PARK**

The nation's greatest playground on the Pacific Coast

## Malthoid Roofing

Cassin & Ish, Goldfield, Nevada, U. S. A., write: "During the last great fire in Goldfield, a building covered by Malthoid was right in the heat of the fire. A wooden shed attached to it burned, but though the roofing blistered and partly melted, it did not burn. It was the very best kind of an advertisement for the material."

**The Paraffine Paint Co.** NEW YORK  
SAN FRANCISCO  
Seattle Office 408 Occidental Ave. W. L. Rhoades



## SOLE LOCAL AGENTS

It is with pleasure that we are able to announce that we have secured the exclusive local agency for Cheney's Photos and Postal Cards.

**SHURICK DRUG CO.**

S. C. SHURICK, M. D.  
Proprietor

### THE PALATIAL S. S. ST. CROIX

Will sail for

**Seattle on or about August 2**

via the inside passage. The most modern up-to-date steamer in the Alaska trade

**TWO BERTH STATEROOMS**

Portable electric reading lamps in each berth

**Special Dining Saloon Features**

Tickets sold on board at prevailing rates

**SCHUBACH - HAMILTON STEAMSHIP CO.**

#### Narrowly Escaped Sticking

A big crowd piled aboard the Big Chief, Sunday afternoon to take advantage of the fine weather, and set sail for Farm Island. The trip over was a pleasant one, but they were at the island a little too long, so that the tide was almost out and they had a narrow escape from hanging up on the bar on the way home. For a while it looked as though "Bill" Downing would have to get out and walk so as to lighten the canoe. They made it all right at last, and arrived home in fairly good season, but dreadfully hungry.

The Seattle Fair certainly has an enthusiastic booster in Charley Bryant, who returned from the south on a recent boat. He says its a hummer and well worth the trip.

Mrs. A. L. Newman, an old time friend of the Bronsons, who has been a guest of that family for the past month, will leave for her home at Fresno, Cal., on the City of Seattle.

Tuesday's Seattle took north 100,000 shingles from the Wrangell Shingle Mill to Treadwell. Orders of this size bring out the big smile on Councilman Gano's features every time.

H. C. Strong of Ketchikan, was calling on Wrangell friends while the Seattle was in Tuesday.

Cash Coulter returned from his fishing trip this morning looking rather odd. Investigation revealed the fact that he wasn't sick, and then we found it out, he'd had a ducking

"Pat" says he's going to petition the council to have the electric light poles removed. There's a reason.

A baby boy was born to Mr. and Mrs. Tolf Anderson, Thursday morning, July 22.

Patenaude was in receipt recently of the finest bunch of fishing tackle that ever was seen in Wrangell. You'll do well to call on him if you need anything of the kind.

#### Married Sunday Evening

The Sentinel got ahead of itself a couple of weeks ago, when it announced the marriage of Charles Lott and Emily Boatman. The ceremony was not solemnized until last Sunday evening, when Adj. Smith at the Wrangell Salvation Army Hall, united the happy couple in the bonds of matrimony. Both bride and groom are well known here in Wrangell, and their many friends unite in their congratulations.

#### Caught a Big Fish

John Cook of Bremerton, Wash., who is here a guest of his brother, William Cook, made a catch while fishing last week that will probably be unequalled during the rest of his days. He was fishing near the end of the dock, when a mopster halibut fastened onto his hook. After quite a fight he got the fish to the top of the water and landed it. The fish tipped the scales at a little over two hundred pounds, and was six feet, eight inches long.

Sing Lee was one among the many Petersburgers who have been in Wrangell this week.

Rev. Clark and family returned from their camping trip, Monday.

Donald Sinclair, who with his family is rusticated at Jack Mantel's place, made the trip to town and back Monday.

Capt. DuBois and a bunch of Zarembo water carboys arrived up on the Seattle. This looks like business.

R. L. Fox, the Shakan marble man, accompanied by his wife and little daughter, arrived on the Uncle Dan.

#### The Lye Ate His Breeches

The boys at the Santa Anna cannery have a good joke on Chas. Norburg of Petersburg, and are not a bit slow telling about it.

It appears that the Chinks at the cannery are in the habit of sousing their overalls in the lye vat a time or two to clean 'em up, and the lye certainly does the job in short order. Now Norberg had a pair of "ice cream" pants which were the apple of his eye. Somehow these precious pants had acquired a greas spot or two, so Norberg decided he would wash them. He had seen, many a time, the Celestials at the lye vat, so he decided to try the same thing on his breeches, figuring that if the lye would clean overalls and leave them in good shape, it would do the same with woollens. He knows better now, as all he has left to remind him of those fancy pants, are the buttons—the lye did the rest. He fished the remnants out of the vat with a rake, and hasn't a word to say when the boys want to know how business is at the Santa Anna laundry.

#### Grant Paid for the Wine

Johnnie Grant is losing his faith in mankind. He was jobbed to a finish the other evening. It appears that Peter C. Jenson has a case of "near champagne" or some thing of the kind, in town, so the boys ribbed up a scheme to play a joke on Grant and make him pay the bill. They told him what fine stuff the imitation was, winding up with the offer to bet the cost of the booze that the average man couldn't tell the difference. Grant bit.

Gardner the crab man, was selected to pass judgment, and being in on the deal, rendered the decision against Johnnie. The latter paid the bill, but had the consolation of making Gardner, who had claimed to be unable to differentiate between the two wines, drink the inferior brand, while he disposed of the real thing.

Dick Wallace, known from one end of Alaska to the other dropped into town, Tuesday.

If you happen into the Brewery saloon, don't mention "fish bait" to the proprietor.

## St. Michael Trading Co.

We are Headquarters for the following Lines of Merchandise

**Boots and shoes  
Dry Goods, Rubber Goods  
Groceries  
Hardware, Ship Chandlery  
Crockery, etc.**

Authorized Agents

**Victor Talking Machines**

**Tin Shop in Connection  
CAMP STOVES, GASOLINE TANKS, ETC.  
Made To Order**

**UNDERTAKING PARLORS**

CASKETS TRIMMED AND SHIPPED TO ALL POINTS

We outfit

**Miners, Fishermen, Prospectors**

Sole Local Agents for

**Hercules Blasting Powder**

Mail Orders Given Prompt Attention

**Wrangell - - Alaska**

## Olympic Restaurant

BANDO BROS., Proprietors

**BEST MEALS  
GOOD BAKING**

Bread, Pies and Cakes for sale

**WRANGELL - - ALASKA**

#### Not Many Turned Out

The dance Saturday night was not the unqualified success it might have been, owing to so few people being present. There were reasons for this: In the first place many of the local folk who are dancers, are out of town at the present time, and then probably the use of a little printer's ink would probably have notified those who are at home that there was a dance on the tapis. "It pays to advertise," you know.

The Ragnhild with Manager McCune of the Pillar Bay Packing Co., on board, was in port Monday. The cannery is getting up lots of red fish.

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OF WRANGELL  
AND VICINITY**

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